# The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

By DANE COOLIDGE Illustrations by Don J. Lavin

be shared between us."

half of mine to Phil."

to talk.

Then, throwing off the air of guarded

secrecy which had characterized his

actions so far, he sat down and began

"Boys," he said, "I'm feeling lucky

today or I'd never have closed this

deal. I'm letting you in on one of the

biggest things that's ever been found

in Sonora. Just to show you how good

it is, here's my smelter receipts for

eight hundred pounds of picked ore-

one thousand and twenty-two dollars!

That's the first and last ore that's ever

been shipped from the old Eagle Tail.

and shipped it; and then some of them

crooked Mexican officials tried to beat

me out of my title and I blowed up the

"Yes, sir, clean as a whistle! I had

euchred I laid a fuse to it and brought

nothing. Then Francisco Madero

he sent me word that the title had

"Well, now, that don't look so bad,

does it?" he asked, beaming paternally

oys," he exclaimed, brushing his un-

kempt beard and smiling craftily.

When I dynamited the Eagle Tail it

Fortuna-and Morales, the mineral

into jail. And if at any time they find !

out that you're working for me, why,

we're ditched-that's all! They'll put

you out of business. So, after we've

what to do. I don't want to hear a

come near me, nor even write me a

"It ain't a hard proposition," he

continued, "If you keep your mouth

shut, but if they tumble, it'll be a fight

to a finish. I'm not saying this for

you, Hooker, because I know you're

safe: I'm, saving it for your pardner

here. You talk too much, Mr. De Lan-

cey," he chided, eying him with sud-

"All right,' broke in Hooker good-

naturedly, "I reckon we understand.

Now go ahead and tell us where this

mine is and who there is down there

"The man to look out for," an

wered Kruger with venom, "is Cipri-

ano Aragon. He's the man that bilked

me out of the mine once, and he'll do

t again if he can. When I went down

there—it was ten years and more ago

-I wasn't on to those Spanish ways of

his, and he was so dog-goned polite

and friendly I thought I could trust

"He owns a big ranch and mescal

still, runs cattle, works a few placers.

sends out pack-trains, and has every

Mexican and Indian in the country in

lebt to him through his store, so if he

happens to want any rough work done

"Well, just to show you how he did

me, I got to nosing round those old

Spanish workings east of Fortuna and

finally I run across the ledge that I'm

telling you about, not far from an abandoned shaft. But the Mexican

mining laws are different from ours

and an American has lots of trouble

anyway, so I made a trade with old

Aragon that he should locate the claim

or me under a power of attorney.

Didn't know him then like I do now

The papers had to be sent to Mocte

zuma and Hermosillo, and to the City

of Mexico and back, and while I was

waiting around I dug in on this lead

and opened up the prettiest vein of

quartz you ever saw in your life.

Here's a sample of it, and it's sure

He handed De Lancey the familia

piece of quartz and proceeded with his

"That ore looked so good to me that

I couldn't wait—I shipped it before I got my title. And right there I made

my mistake. When Aragon saw the

gold in that rock he just quietly re-

corded the concession in his own name

and told me to go to blazes. That's

the greaser of it! So I blew the whole

mise up and hit for the border. That's

the Dutch of it, I reckon," be added

He paused, smiling over the men

ory of his misplaced credulity, an

oker and De Lancey joined

"Anyway, my old man was

story.

there's always somebody to do it.

den severity. "I'm afraid of ye!"

to look out for."

him anywhere.

until you win out or go broke.

-just go ahead the best you ca

whole works with dynamite!

located ever since.

SYNOPSIS.

Bud Hooker and Phil De Lancey are social resolution in Mexico, or give up their mining claim and return the United States. In the border town of Gadaden Hooker meets Henry Kruger, wealthy miner, who hints of a big mining proposition in Mexico that he wants Hooker to take charge of.

#### CHAPTER II-Continued.

"That's the rock," he said. "She runs four hundred dollars to the ton, and the ledge is eight inches wide between the walls. Nice ore, eh? And she lays between shale and porphyry.'

His eyes sparkled as he carefully replaced the specimen, and then he looked up at Bud. "I'll let you in on that," he said,

half and half-or I'll pay two hundred dollars a month and a bonus. You alone. Now how about it?" For a moment Hooker looked at him as if to read his thoughts, then he

shook his head and exhaled his smoke regretfully. "Nope," he said. "Me and Phil are pardners. We work together." "Til give you three hundred!" cried

Kruger, half rising in his chair. "Nope," grented Bud, "we're pard

"Huh!" snorted the mining man, and flung away in disgust. But as he



"I'll Give You Three Hundred!" Cried Kruger.

neared the door a new thought struck him and he came as quickly back. "You can do what you please about your pardner," he said. "I'm talking

"Sure!" returned Hooker. "Well, then," snapped Kruger, "meet ne at the Waldorf in an hour!

Now-will you think about

### CHAPTER III.

On the untrammeled frontier, where most men are willing to pass for what they are without keeping up any "front," much of the private business as well as the general devilment, is transacted in the back rooms of saloons. The Waldorf was nicely furwished in this regard.

After a drink at the bar, in which De Lancey and Hooker joined, Henry Kruger led the way casually to the rear, and in a few moments they were safely closeted.

"Now," began Kruger, as he took a seat by the table and faced them with mapping eyes, "the first thing I want to make plain to you gentlemen is, if I make any deal today it's to be with Mr. Hooker. If you boys are pardners you can talk it over together, but I deal with one man, and that's Hooker. "All right?" he inquired, glancing at the Lancey, and that young man

modded indulgently. "Very well, then," resumed Kruger. now to get down to business. This mine that I'm talking about is located down here in Sonora within three hours' ride of a big American camp. It isn't any old Spanish mine, or lost padre layout; it's a well-defined ledge running three or four hundred dollars to the ton-and I know right where it

. ds. 100. "What I want to do is to establish the title to it now, while this revolution is going on, and make a bonanza put of it afterward. Of course, if you boys don't want to go back into Mexico, that settles it; but if you do go, and I let you in on the deal, you've got to see it through or I'll lose the whole thing. So make up your minds, and If you say you'll go, I want you to stick

"We'll go, all right," spoke up De Lancey, "if it's rich enough." "How shout you?" inquired Kruger, turning impatiently on Bud; "will you

"Yes, I'll go," answered Bud sullen-"But I ain't stuck on the job," he "Jest about get it opened up when a bunch of rebels will jump in nd take everything we've got." Well, you get a title to it and pay

rour taxes and you can come out, ," conceded Henry Kruger. o," grumbled Hooker, "if I go I'll with it." He glanced at his pard-

er at this, but he, for one, did not m to be worried

with a sprightly air, and Bud ned sardonically at the well-worn hearty laugh. From the town bum

'ill you shaks hands on it?"

will you make hands on it? that he had first seemed this sandby hat's the proposition?" broke in little man had changed in their eyes may a deal in between me and the mere recital of whose adventures ar," corrected Kruger. "Til give conjured up in their minds visions of heap hundred a month, or an gold and hidden treasure.

honest eyes glowed with admiration as he heard the well-planned hardly restrain his enthusiasm, and, drawn on by the contagion, Henry Kruger made maps and answered questions until every detail was settled.

After the location had been marked, and the lost tunnel charted from the corner monuments, he bade them remember it well and destroyed every nonition, he said:

"Now go in there quietly, boys don't hurry. Prospect around a little equal share in the mine, expenses to and the Mexicans will all come to you and try to sell you lost mines. Cruz "Make it equal shares," said Hook-Mendez is the man you're looking for er, holding out his hand, "and I'll give he's honest, and he'll take you to the Eagle Tail. After that you can use "All right, my boy!" cried the old your own judgment. So good-by"-he man, suddenly clapping him on the took them by the hands-"and don't shoulder, "I'll go you—and you'll never regret it," he added significantly.

He held up a warning finger as they parted, and Bud nodded briefly in reply. Silence was a habit with him, desert-bred, and he nodded his head

#### CHAPTER IV.

From the times of David and Jonathan down to the present day the world has been full of young men sworn to friendship and seeking adventure in pairs. "Pardners," they call them in the west, and though the word has not crept into the dictionary yet, dug it out myself, and sacked it it is as different from "partner" as a friend is from a business associate.

They travel together, these pardners of the West, and whether they be cowboys or "Cousin Jacks," the boss who fires one of them fires both of them, my powder stored away in the drift, and they go share and share in every thing.

and the minute I found out I was Bud Hooker and Philip De Lancey the whole mountain down. That was had met by chance in El Paso when ten years ago, and old Aragon and the revolution was just beginning to the agente mineral have had the land boll and the city was swarming with adventurers. The agents of the rebels "I bet they've spent five thousand were everywhere, urging Americans to pesos trying to find that lead, but bejoin their cause. Military preferment, ing nothing but a bunch of ignorant cash payments, and grants of land Mexicans, of course they never found were the baits they used, but Hooker stood out from the first and took De comes in and fires the agente mineral Lancey with him. A Mexican promise off his job and old Aragon lets the land did not pass current where he was revert for taxes. I've got a Mexican born and they went to the mines inthat keeps me posted, and ever since stead.

Then the war broke out and, while lapsed Fve been crazy to relocate that fugitives streamed out of stricken Chihuahua, they finally struck out against the tide, fighting their way to a certain mine far back in the Sierra at Bud. "There ain't a man in town Madres, where they could dig the gold that wouldn't have jumped at the on shares.

chance, if I was where I could talk Behind them the battle waged; about it, but that's just what I couldn't Casas Grandes was taken and retaken; do. I had to find some stranger that Juarez, Agua Negra and Chihuahua wouldn't sense what mine I was talkfell; Don Porfirio, the Old Man of Mexing about and then git him to go in on ico, went out and Madero took his place; and still they worked for their "Now here's the way I'm fixed, stake

Then new arms and ammunition flowed in from across the border; Orozco and his rebel chiefs went out, was mine by rights, but Cipriano Araand the breath of war fanned higher gon—he's the big Mexican down at old against the hills. At last the first broken band of rebels came straggling agent, had buncoed me out of the title. by, and, reading hate and envy "So, according to law, I blowed up their mine, and if I ever showed up in their lawless eyes, the Americans dug up their gold at sundown and rode all the night for their lives. down there I reckon they'd throw me

And now, welded together by all that toil and danger, they were pardners, cherishing no delusions as to each other's strength or weaknesses, but made our agreement and I've told you | joined together for better or worse.

It was the last thing that either of them expected, but three days after me that that wall is the bull-ring. word out of you-I don't want you to they fled out of Mexico, and with all money unspent, the hand of fate seized upon them and sent them back to another adventure.

It was early morning again, with crowds along the street, and as they ambled slowly along toward the line the men on the corners stared at them. The bunch of cowboys gazed at Bud, who sported a new pair of high-heeled boots, and knew him by the way he rode; and the mining men looked searchingly at De Lancey, as if to guess the secret of his quest.

A squad of mounted troopers, riding out on border patrol, gazed after them questioningly, but Bud and Phil rode on soberly, leading their pack, and headed for Agua Negra across the line. It was a grim place to look at, this border town of Agua Negra, for the war had swept it twice. A broad waste of level land lay between it and the prosperous American city, and across this swath, where the Mausers and machine guns had twice mowed, lay the huddle of low houses which

marked the domain of Mexico. Fussy little customs officials, lurk ing like spiders in their cooped-up guardhouses, rushed out as they crossed the deep trench and demanded their permit to bear arms. The moment they crossed the line the air seemed to be pervaded with Latin excitability and Indian jealousy, but De Lancey replied in florid Spanish and before his polite assurances and fulsome compliments it was dissipated in a moment.

"Good! Pass on, amigos," cried the beady-eyed little jefe, pasting a label on their pack. "Adios, senor," he added, returning Phil's salute with a military flourish, and with a scornful glance at Bud he observed that the gentleman was muy caballero.

"Huh!" remarked Bud, as they rode on through the town, "we're in Mexico all right, all right. Talk with both hands and get busy with your eyebrows-and holy Joe, look at them

The pelones referred to were squad of Mexican federal soldiers, socalled from their heads being shaved. and they were marching doggedly to and fro through the thorny mesquit bushes in response to shouted orders from an officer. Being from Zacatecas, where the breed is short, they stood about as high as their guns; and their crumpled linen suits and flapping sandals detracted sadly from the soldierly

Big and hulking, and swalling with the pride of his kind, Hooker looked them over slowly, and spoke his hid-

"I wonder," he said, turning to Phil, "how many of them I could lick with one hand? "Well, they're nothing but a lot of petty convicts, anyway," answered De Lancey, "but here's some boys ahead that I'll bet could hold you, man for

The rugged face of Bud Hooker, a pair of tall Yaqut Indians, each deco- do you? Next thing I know you'll be which had been set in grim lines from rated with a cartridge-belt about his saking me to out it out on the hay hips in token of his military service. And a group of others, sunning themselves against the wall, looked up cheme. As for De Lancey, he could at the Americans with eyes as fearless as mountain eagles.

"Yes, that's right," admitted Bud, returning their friendly greeting, "hut we'll never have no trouble with

them. "Well, these Nacionales are not so bad," defended Phil, as they passed the state soldiers of Sonora on the ventige of paper. Then, as a final ad- street, "but they're just as friendly as the Yaquis."

"Sure," jeered Bud, "when they're sober! But you get a bunch of 'em drunk and ask 'em what they think of the gringos! No, you got to show me -I've seen too much of 'em."

"You haven't seen as much of 'em as I have, yet," retorted De Lancey quickly. "I've been all over the repub lic, except right here in Sonora, and I swear these Sonorans here look good to me. There's no use holding a grouch against them, Bud - they

haven't done us any dirt." "No, they never had no chance," grumbled Bud, gazing grimly to the



Made Maps and Answered Questions Until Every Detail Was Settled.

omes and the revoltosos come out of their holes; wait till them Chihuahua greasers thaw out up in the Sierras and come down to get some fresh mounts. Well, I'll tell 'em one thing,' he ended, reaching down to pat his horse, "they'll never get old Copper Bottom here-not unless they steal him at night. It's all right to be cheerful about this, Phil, and you keep right on being glad, but I got a low-down hunch that we're going to get in bad." "Well, I've got just as good a hunch," came back De Lancey, "that we're going to make a killing."

"Yes, and speaking about killings," said Bud, "you don't want to overlook that."

He pointed at a group of dismantled adobe buildings standing out on the edge of the town and flanked by a segment of whitewashed wall all spattered and breached with bullet-holes. "There's where these prize Mexicans

of yourn pulled off the biggest killing in Sonora. I was over here yesterday with that old prospector and he told After the first big fight they gathered up three hundred and fifty men, more or less, and throwed 'em in a trench along by the wall-then they blowed it over on 'em with a few sticks of dynamite and let 'em pass for buried. No crosses or nothing. Excuse me, if they ever break loose like that-we might

get planted with the rest!" "By Jove, old top," exclaimed De Lancey, laughing teasingly, "you've certainly got the blues today. take something out of this bottle and see if it, won't help."

He brought out a quart bottle from his saddle-bags and Bud drank, and shuddered at the bite of it.

"All right," he said, as he passed to back, "and while we're talking, what's the matter with cutting it out on booze for this trip?"

"What are you going to drink then?" cried De Lancey in feigned alarm, "water?" "Well, something like that," admit-

ted Bud. "Come on-what do you say? We might get lit up and tell something."

"Now lookee here, Bud," clamored Phil, who had had a few drinks already, "you don't mean to instnuate

rated with a cartridge-belt about his asking me to cut it out on the haymight talk in my sleep, you know, and give the whole snap away!"

"No, you're a good boy when you're ssleep, Phil," responded Bud, "but when you get about half shot it's different. Come on, now-I'll quit if you will. That's fair, ain't it?"

"What? No little toots around town? No serenading the senoritas and giving the rurales the hotfoot? Well, what's the use of living, Bud, if you can't have a little fun? Drinking don't make any difference, as long as we stick together. What's the use of swearing off—going on record in ad-vance? We may find some fellow that we can't work any other way-we may have to go on a drunk with him in order to get his goat! But will you stick? That's the point!"

Bud glanced at him and grunted, and for a long time he rode on in sile Before them lay a rolling plain, dipping by broad gulches and dwindling ridges to the lower levels of Old Mexico, and on the skyline, thin and blue, stood the knifelike edges of the Fortunas miles away.

With desert-trained eyes he noted the landmarks, San Juan mountain to the right, Old Niggerhead to the left, and the feather-edge of mountains far below; and as he looked he stored it away in his mind in case he should come back on the run some night.

It was not a foreboding, but the training of his kind, to note the lay of the ground, and he planned just where he would ride to keep under cover if he ever made a dash for the line. But all the time his pardner was talking of friendship and of the necessity of their sticking together.

"I'll tell you, Bud," he said at last, his voice trembling with sentiment, 'whether we win or lose. I won't have a single regret as long as I know we've been true to one another. You may know Texas and Arizona, Bud, but I know Old Mexico, the land of manana and broken promises. I know the country, Bud-and the climate-and the

"They play the devil with the best of us, Bud, these dark-eyed senoritas! That's what makes all the trouble down here between man and man, it's these women and their ways. They're not satisfied to win a man's heartthey want him to kill somebody to show that he really loves them. By Jove, they're a fickle lot, and nothing pleases 'em more than setting man ugainst man, one pardner against another.

"We never had any trouble yet," ob

erved Bud sententiously. "No, but we're likely to," protested De Lancey. "These Indian women up in the Sierras wouldn't turn anybody's head, but we're going down into the hot country now, where the girls are pretty, ta-ra, ta-ra, and we talk through the windows at midnight."

"Well, if you'll cut out the booze," said Hooker shortly, "you can have 'em all, for all of me."

"Sure, that's what you say, but wait till you see them! Oh, la, la, la"-he kissed his fingers ecstatically-"I'll be glad to see 'em myself! But listen, Bud, here's the proposition, let's take an oath right now, while we're starting out, that whatever comes up we'll always be true to each other. If one of us is wounded, the other stays with him; if he's in prison, he gets him out;

if he's killed, he avenges his-" "Say," broke in Bud, jostling him rudely as he reached into the saddle well

He took a big drink out of it to prevent De Lancey from getting it all and shoved it inside his overalls.

"All right, pardner," he continued. with a mocking smile, "anything you say. I never use oaths myself much, but anything to oblige."

"No, but I mean it, Bud!" cried De Lancey. "Here's the proposition now. Whatever happens, we stay with each other till this deal is finished; on all scratch cases we match money to see who's it; and if we tangle over some girl the best man wins and the other one stays away. We leave it to the girl which one wins. Will you shake

hands on that?" "Don't need to," responded Bud; T'll do it anyway." "Well, shake on it, then!" insisted

De Lancey, holding out his hand. "Oh. Sally!" burst out Bud, hanging his head in embarrassment "what's the use of getting mushy?"

But a moment later he leaned over in his saddle and locked hands with a viselike grip. "My old man told me not to make

no such promises," he muttered, "but I'll do it, being's it's you." (TO BE CONTINUED.)



NO COMMON SOUP FOR HER said. Well, she had her soup and de

Empress Wanted Local Color Thought She Got It, but Attendants Deceived Her.

It is rather ticklish work contradict ing such an authority as Francis Grib ble, but one ventures to point out that in his book, "The Life of the Emperor Francis Joseph." he is not quite accurate in his story about the Empress Elizabeth of Austria and the onion soup. She did not eat it in a cafe.

She had heard some of her entour age praising the onion soup they had eaten in a little eating house near the Central markets, and she turned to M. Paoli, her official courier, with the remark that she must have some. "Nothing is easier," said M. Psoli. "I will toll the people of the hotel to

make you some."
"Never," said the empress; "they will send me up a carefully prepared soup that won't taste in the

that I'll bet could hold you, man for man, husky as you are, old fellow."

They were riding past a store, now eating house; and, also, that it should serving as an improvised barracks, be served in the identical crockery.

clared it excellent, but M. Paoli has confessed that, fearing lest the empress should be disappointed, he had the soup prepared for her in the hotel and served it in a common plate and soup tureen hurriedly brought from the nearest china shop. The empress remarked that the

rockery was "delightfully pictur-"True," said M. Paoli afterward;

"we had chipped it a little with that object in view."

Famous Polar Ship. The Fram, the most famous polar

exploring ship in the world, will not, after all, have the honor of being the first vessel to pass through the Pan-ama canal. After waiting at Colon since October 3, she has now started south on the long journey to the Pa-cific via the Straits of Magellan. It was feared that an indefinite delay at Colon might prevent her from reaching San Francisco by the time Captain Amundsen plans to start for the Arctic regions next summer. In

throughout

MISSOURI

Happenings of Interest

MONETT.-Monett voted oonds and \$20,000 to be two deep wells. An epidemic of typhoid fever caused the special election. Autos were used to get out a full vote.

NEW FRANKLIN-Cleve draws, 23 years old, committed suicide by taking strychnine. Two years ago he fell from a bluff overhanging the Missouri river and received injuries from which he never recovared.

SEDALIA.-The 1914 school enuneration just completed shows 3,856 white school children in Sedalia, of whom 1.962 are males and 1.894 females. There are 418 negroes, of whom 202 are males and 216 females.

HANNIBAL .- The body of the man found floating in the Mississippi river near here has been identified as that of William Bellutes, the missing deck hand of the steamer Keokuk.

COLUMBIA .- Mrs. Mildred Glenn 70 years old and blind, died at the home of her son as the result of a fall from a second-story window. She had become overheated and groped her way to the window.

SPRINGFIELD. Club women of Springfield have decided to trail the stork in his visits to Springfield nomes. They have arranged to visit every new baby.

HIGGINSVILLE. - James Frank Campbell, 86 years old, believed to be the oldest graduate of the University of Missouri, died here. Campbell was graduated in 1849. He was born in Huntsville, Ala.

LOUISIANA .- While Luther Darst was threshing wheat at the residence of James Jordan a spark from the engine set fire to the straw pile and it was entirely burned. The wheat was also destroyed. There was between 300 and 400 bushels of wheat

ARCADIA .- One of the features of the Methodist assembly in session here which developed much interest was the illustrated lecture by Rev. Irl Hicks, the celebrated weather prothet, on "God's Weather Mill."

JEFFERSON CITY .- The Jefferson City Merchants' league has elected a full complement of delegates to the state meeting of the merchants' association, in August, at Kirksville

KANSAS CITY.-Fifty warrants of internal revenue collector, here, for individuals and companies in western Missouri that have not paid income taxes. The warrants give authority to seize and sell property to pay up. HANNIBAL .- Ray Tucker, Emmett

Feney and Harry Killian were rescued from the Mississippi river, after floating down a half mile. They were riding the waves made by an excursion steamer, when the canoe turned, throwing them into the water.

SEDALIA .- Wilbur S. Allen, managing editor of the Sedalia Capital and bags, "let me carry that bottle for a dropped dead in his office here. He while," known throughout the state, was 64 years old. Physicians said heart disease caused his death.

ARBOR .- A drainage ditch cut through the "big field," which project is now under way, will destroy the most famous duck hunting preserve in southeast Missouri. The area contains 3,000 acres of what will be the

most fertile land in Missouri POLLOCK .-- A peculiar accident killed Earl Courancy a few days ago. Something went wrong with the buggy in which he was riding, and as he eaned over to look at a wheel the tire broke. A piece of the steel hit | tion. him in the head and killed him.

ESTILL.-Fifty-six dollars per acre from alfalfa is pretty good money, but such will be the record of Rhodes Estill. He sold three carloads in Fayette and found a man awaiting him when he got home who bought five cars more.

JEFFERSON CITY .- Benjamin Cason, 79 years old, and Mrs. Ludena Hollingsworth, 62, were married here by Probate Judge John Garman, Both had been married before. Judge Garman refused to take the customary

NEVADA.-Ernest Weaver was killed and Jacob Pine and Alvin Hudson were injured when the boiler of a threshing engine on the farm of M. L. George, near Bronaugh, exploded. Pine is believed to be fatally hurt.

RICH HILL.-Failing to return at his meal hour the police were asked to locate William Lawson, an aged citizen. He was found entangled in a barb wire fence with his mind a blank. The excessive heat is held responsible for his condition.

PERTLE SPRINGS .- The first annual convention of the Christian Churches of the Second District of Missouri convened in Pertle Springs. Seventeen counties in central and Western Missouri are represented. Much uplift work is planned.

CLAYTON.-Everett D. Nussman. 16 years old, and Miss Lavona A. Smith, 15, of Witt, Ill., were married by Justice A. H. Werremeyer. They had made a previous trip to Clayton and were refused a license. They were accompanied by their fathers.

CARTHAGE.-Walter Hawk, 17, drowned near Newtonia, a small town which he and four boy friends were rowing capsized. Hawk was unable to

MEXICO.—The Hardin College lumnue association is offering \$5 in gold to the person who will write the words for a song on Mexico, Mo., ising both the words "Mexico" and 'Missouri" to designate the Mexico in Andrain county from the land of the



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RAROLD SOMERS, 150 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. T. Tour SILO with DIOK BLIZZARD

Hero of War of 1812. One hundred years ago Capt, David Porter, one of the naval heroes of the War of 1812, was given a great popular ovation by the people of Philadelphia. Ten days previously Captain Porter had reached New York after a long and hazardous voyage from Volparaiso, where on March 28, he had commanded the frigate Essex in her gallant, but unsuccessful fight against the British ships Phoebe and Cherub. Upon their arrival in New York, the surviving officers and members of the crew of the Essex were given an enthusiastic welcome. From New York, Captain Porter proceeded KANSAS CITY.—Fifty warrants of to Philadelphia, where another pop-distraint were issued by C. G. Burton, ular ovation awaited him. On his arrival in the suburbs of the city the horses were taken from his carriage and it was drawn to the hotel by the populace.

Bear Committed Sulcide.

The big black bear, "Bob," of the menagerie in Central park, New York, committed suicide in the presence of a large number of spectators a few days ago. Mr. Snyder, the head keeper, says that the animal recently stopped taking food, and in other ways showed signs of remorse at having strangled its mate. The other morning Bob climbed to the top of the rocky ledge in the rear of the den and deliberately threw himself backward to the asphalt flooring below, a neck and died in a few minutes

Tuberculosis Legislation. Legislation dealing with tuberculosis has been enacted in 48 states and territories of the United States, according to a comprehensive bulletin on this subject published by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. Only in the states of Arizona, Idaho, Nevada, Wyoming and Alaska has the subject been given no legislative considera

Largest Insect Is 13 Inches. The largest known insect is a specles of phasmid, or walking stick found in Borneo. This, which is wingless, has a body 13 inches long.

Like a Baseball Score. "You are a man of one idea." "At that, I've got you beaten, one nothing."

Rome, N. Y., is to have a city planning commission.

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